

A  
 REVIEW  
 OF THE  
 STATE  
 OF THE  
 BRITISH NATION.

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Thursday, April 7. 1709.

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**I**N my last I began this Volume with the blessed Subject of Peace abroad, and with letting you know, that as Things seem to appear abroad, we have it in View ; I think, we are not boasting and rhodomontading, when we tell you—That the Spring advances, yet their Troops are not recruited, their Cavalry not mounted, their Infantry not clothed ; in short, after all their projected Schemes of being in the Field before the Allies, and besieging *Lisle*, or undertaking some considerable Thing before we could draw together ; such has been the Confusion of their Affairs, that we see them in no Condition to take the Field now ; nay, hardly to take the Field at all.

This is a full Testimony of what has been the Subject of my Observation for several Years past, *viz.* That notwithstanding our great Victories, notwithstanding the Progress of the Confederate Arms, which at the same time we must allow to be prodigious ; yet while the Money held out, the War would hold out ; the longest Purse, not the longest Sword, must decide this Controversie.

We have been victorious almost every Campaign, and upon every Occasion this War, *Spain* excepted ; we have push'd the *French* into, and out of every thing we have attempted in *Italy* ; they have been chas'd from Province to Principality, from Dutchy to Dutchy, till they have been  
 beaten

beaten out of *Mantua*, *Millain*, *Parma*, *Piemont*, and *Savoy*, and having at last abandon'd all *Italy*, are now glad to defend, and with Difficulty enough, their own Frontiers: In the *Low Countries*, they have by hard Blows been box'd out of *Guelderland*, bullied out of *Liege*, frighted out of *Limburg*, driven out of *Brabant*, and with Blood enough on both sides we are struggling with them for *Flanders*— In the middle of these Hurries we found the *Bavarian* desert the Confederates, and revolting to *France*, gave a Wound to our Affairs; that requir'd an immediate Application. He had made himself too strong for the Circles of *Suabia* and *Franconia*, and pushing heartily at the Empire, he endeavour'd to open a Door for the *French* out of *Italy* into *Germany*; but receiving an Affront in the Mountains of *Tirol*, the Duke of *Vendosme* could penetrate no higher than *Trent*, which lost them a Campaign, and sav'd the Emperor. To remedy this, the *French* open the Passages of the black Forest, and reach the Banks of the *Danube*, *Ulm* and *Memingen* being secur'd, before the *Bavarian* advances to *Passau*, and had he had another Campaign, had been at the Gates of *Vienna*, and been join'd with 50000 *Hungarians*. At the same time the Imperialists receive several Affronts, Count *Stirum* beaten near *Nordlingen*, Prince *Lewis* near the Forest-Towns, and all the Conquests of the Confederacy are in a fair way to be unravell'd; when the *English* and *Dutch*, upon whose Shoulders the whole Weight of this War has lain, find it absolutely necessary to leave their old Seat of War, the *Netherlands*, and with a powerful Army, being, when join'd with Prince *Lewis* and Prince *Eugene*, above 80000 Men.

This stupendous March of the Duke, which at first his Enemies suggested ill from, and not only accus'd him of to his Dishonour, but threaten'd even his Life for, prov'd the most Glorious to the Confederacy, of all that has been attempted this War. Here the *French* and *Bavarian* with their united Forces receive a total Overthrow, with such Loss and such an entire Destruction of the Flower of the *French* Army, as *France* never felt before— In one Campaign they ravage *Bavaria*, possess the Capital, re-

take all the Strengths that Prince had fortify'd, unravel all the Projects of *France*, and appear under the Walls of *Landau*.

In all this, *France* supported her self with an intrepid Courage; with incredible Celerity, she recruited her Armies; stored her Magazines; and tho' in another Year she lost the Battle of *Turin*, the Battle of *Ramellies*, and the Siege of *Barcelona*, three Shocks the *Roman* Empire in its greatest Splendor could not have supported it self under; yet in her Turn she appear'd again in Arms, gave us an entire Overthrow at *Almanza*, and baulk'd the Duke of *Savoy* and Prince *Eugene*, or I may say, beat them off from the Siege of *Thoulon*.

This last Campaign, which we call Glorious, we gave them a Brush, and took *Lisse*; that was all we can say we got of them, for *Ghent* and *Bruges* they surpriz'd in the Beginning of the Campaign— And had the Duke of *Vendosme* had the Policy to have gone and encamp'd under the Cannon of *Ghent*, or on the Canal, as he did afterwards, and not have hazarded the Necessity of being push'd to a Battle at *Oudenard*, he had fool'd us all that Campaign, his Army being numerous and in Heart.

And why should *Lisse* dispirit *France*, and put all their Kingdom in a Fright? Why must we have a Peace by taking that one City? *Lisse* is not the Key of *France*, any more than *Landau* was before; they have yet a Wall of Brass about their Frontier, *Douay*, *Arras*, *Valenciennes*, *Ypres*, *St. Omer*, *Mount-Cassel*, and *Dunkirk*, all on that side protect them under the Cannon of their Fortresses, and with their usual Dexterity of Conduct they may yet dispute by Inches, and hold out 2 or 3 Years more.

Their Forces are numerous; they have, instead of recruiting their Army in *Flanders*, sent away their shatter'd Regiments to other Parts, and brought their whole Troops from *Alsace*, from the *Moselle*, from *Dauphiné*, and from all Parts; and drafted their other Regiments to fill up with, and now they are bringing 20000 Men out of *Spain*; so that 'tis plain they will want no Men, nay they will be more numerous than ever; why should we then think we have beaten them to our own Terms?



The Reasons are plain, the Sinews are cut, and the Body becomes a Lump; the Members can no more act, than the Members of a Paralytic Body; their Troops mutiny in Garrison, and are fain to fight all the Winter with Butchers and Bakers, their Officers have no Money, their Soldiers no Clothes, their Stores no Bread, their Dragoons and Troopers no Horses. In short, *France* is struck with a dead Palfrey; as to their Cash, the Circulation stops, Credit suffers mortal Convulsions, and their Finances appear in the utmost Disorder.

The Consequences of this are natural; the whole Locomotive Faculty of their Politicks is stop'd, their Troops are Landlock'd in their Quarters, their Ships in their Ports, their Officers cannot furnish their Equipages, their Recruits cannot be supply'd, their Generals are unfix'd, their Councils confus'd, and all their Affairs in Disorder.

And all this is for Want of Money—— This Money is the Vitals of the War; the longest Purse is the Conqueror, all the formidable Forces of *France* will be of no Use to them, if their more formidable Treasure is exhausted; without this their Swords will not draw, their Muskets will not shoot, their Powder will not fire—— Gentlemen of *Scotland*, you have no more need to fear Invasions—— The Pretender may lay aside his Hopes, and his *Highland* Friends their Expectations, and those that have banter'd you with being unprepar'd for a second Storm, may blush; the *French* have no Money, and without this their Ships cannot sail, nor their Troops embark—— O Money, Money! how dost thou govern all the great Actions of the World? Inspire Armies with Courage, Generals with Conduct, Ministers with Management, and Princes with Politicks!

Without this Vehicle, how awkwardly do we act, how heavily do we move, and how ill does this nauseous Draught of Life go down? Money makes Cowards conquer, and Heroes sink—— What made the best Designs, under the greatest Master of Design *K. William*, abortive and imperfect? What made him a Prey to *French* Power? Upon the Square they could never beat him; in the Measures he concerted, the best of our

Men of Conduct cannot find a Mistake; his Judgment in contriving, or his Bravery in attempting, even his Enemies would acknowledge. But with deficient Funds, late Supplies, Shadows for Substance, and Votes for Cash; with these what Mortal Power could struggle!—— All your *French* Policy yields to it, all your *French* Grandeur sinks under it; the Glory of *Louis le Grand* fades, and the *French* Lillies die for Want of this Moisture at the Root. Now he must disgorge all his Conquests, be strip'd of all his borrow'd Plumes, restore his ravish'd Glory, and all for Want of Money.

I might turn the Application of this, and very justly, to a certain Point some People do not love to hear of, and which they would fain call Flattery; but my Talent at Panegyrick is too mean to attempt it—— As to Flattery, none but Fools love it, none but Knaves accept it, none but both use it; but Justice ought to be done at all times, and no Man should be ashamed to speak what is true.

Why has *Britain* made a greater Figure in this War, than in the last?—— How has *Britain* been the Life and Soul of the Confederacy? How have our Allies been better supported, our Subsidies better answer'd, and new Vigour put into our Confederates? How have the *Portuguese* been better ty'd down to their Agreements, the Duke of *Savoy* better encourag'd to be faithful, the hired Troops been kept full, and better recruited, than in the last War?—— It is not that our Men fight better, or the Generals lead better; not the Duke of *Marlborough* himself, tho' his Actions are above the Reach of Praise, Commands, or Concerts better than his late Glorious Master. It is not that our Regiments behave better than under the King; *Landen* was as well fought as *Hochsted*; and *Flerus*, as *Ramellies*; and *Namure* was as vigorously attack'd, and as desperately defended as *Lisle*, and the like; but we have been supply'd, and they were starv'd; our Funds flow and overflow, the King's came halting and faint. In short, your Treasurer has been your General of Generals; without his exquisite Management of the Cash, the D. of *Marlborough* must have been beaten, and



and your Expeditions been baulk'd, your Armies have been backward, and your Preparations late; he has recover'd your Funds, and restor'd your Credit, and fill'd you with Money——Your Fleet had never prevented the Scots Invasion, if Money had been wanting; if your Circulation of Cash had been stagnated as formerly, all your Management had suffer'd the Convulsions that your Enemies now feel——Here you have receiv'd Spirit and Vigour to all your publick Actions; 'tis he that made your Armies move, your Fleets sail, your Soldiers fight, and has given Life and Soul to all your great Commanders; like a careful Physician to the State, he has preserved the Health and Constitution of the whole Body, he has open'd every Obstruction, and kept the Blood of Action in a free Circulation. The Generals have mann'd the Ship, and manag'd the Voyage of the War, but the Treasurer has been the Pilot to steer, and has been the Gale that has fill'd the Sails: To him we owe early Preparations, sufficient Supplies, well-furnish'd Magazines, current Payment of Troops; and in short his Management of the Nations Treasury has been the Victory we are now rejoicing in.

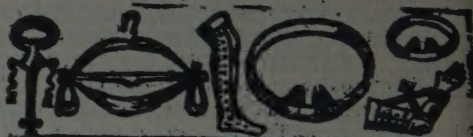
If you will not hear of this, if you will murmur and swell with Envy, if you will retain the Character of an ungrateful Nation, and be always mal-treating your Benefactors—You must. But if I must speak Truth, I must put you in mind who you owe your Successes to, carry you back, and lead you by the Hand to Causes and to Persons *Causing*, or I must say nothing.

As to the Charge of Flattery, I despise it; I am making my Court to no Body; I am seeking no Preferments, nor asking Places; retir'd and unknown to Men of Power, I seek to speak Truth rather than to please, and my Reward is to be despis'd not prefer'd, abandon'd not supported——Men flatter that hang about Courts, and wait at the Levees of their Generals; that live in Expectations, and pursue their private Interest. To what End does a Man speak that seeks nothing, and asks nothing—But Truth commands the Pen of every honest Man—And if I have gone beyond Truth, let me see one honest Man contradict it.

**W** Hereas it is suggested in a Book lately publish'd by J. Spinke, that I translated Dr. Greenfield's Book; and whereas it was also asserted in an Advertisement in the Review of the 5th Instant, that I tell People that I was the Author of the Translation of the said Book: These are to certify, that I neither did or could tell any People so, for that in truth I was not the Author of the said Translation, except some Passages only, and which were afterwards revis'd and corrected by Mr. John Marten Surgeon, and the said Dr. Greenfield: And I do further certify, that the said Translation, together with all the Additions, &c. thereto, (except only as aforesaid) were to the best of my Knowledge and Belief entirely done by the said Mr. John Marten, and by no other Person or Persons whatsoever.

April 6.  
1709.

Joshua Stephens.



**B**ARTLETT's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd So Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses, of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By P. Bartlett at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at the Place above mention'd, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.